

ELLCOTT CITY TIMES,  
J. HARWOOD WATKINS,  
J. THOMAS CLARK,  
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**J. HARWOOD WATKINS,**  
ATTORNEY AT LAW,  
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OFFICE—At the office of "The Ellicott  
City Times," in the Town Hall.

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Oct. 7, '74-11.

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ELLCOTT CITY, MD.  
Nov. 27, '69-10.

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**WM. A. HAMMOND,**  
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month.  
OFFICE—23 St. Paul St., near Lexington,  
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Attends all the Courts in Baltimore City  
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will be at the Court House in Ellicott City the  
First and Third Tuesday of every month—  
(Orphans' Court days).  
Mar. 6, '75-10.

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Having permanently located himself at El-  
licott City is prepared to practice his profes-  
sion in this City and County.  
He may be found at his place of business at  
all hours, except when professionally engaged.  
Night calls promptly attended to.  
Oct. 3, '69-10.

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Having located at Ellicott City for the  
practice of medicine, respectfully offers his  
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May 15, '78-10.

**DR. RICHARD C. HAMMOND**  
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OFFICE—At Pine Orchard, Frederick Turn-  
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March 16, '78-10.

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Having bought out the good will of Dr. F.  
Cable, I tender my professional services to  
his patrons and the public generally at the  
office formerly occupied by him,  
MAIN STREET,  
THREE DOORS BELOW LEICHER'S STORE.  
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MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY  
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and Sales of City and Country Property  
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Invested in Ground Rents,  
Mortgages, etc., etc., etc.,  
Free of Charge. All  
kinds of Property Insured at  
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MONEY TO LOAN, at Low rates, on first  
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June 24, '74-10.

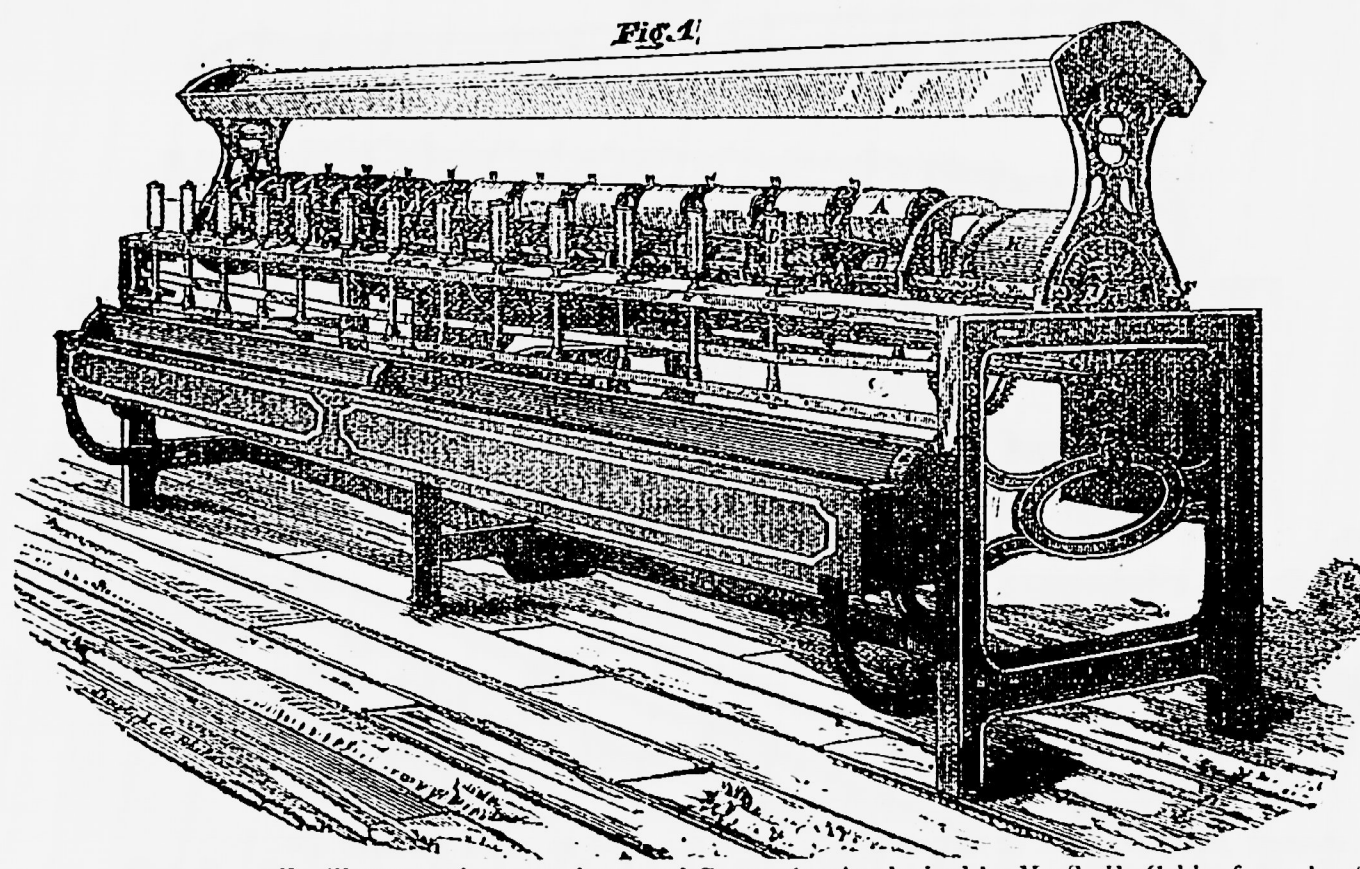
# ELLCOTT CITY TIMES.

VOL. IX.

ELLCOTT CITY, Md., SATURDAY, AUGUST 31, 1878.

NO. 35.

## NEW COTTON SPOOLING MACHINE.



We illustrate above an improved Cotton Spooler devised by Mr. S. F. Cobb, formerly of this city, now Manager of the Albion Cotton Mills, at Ellicott City, in this county. Mr. Cobb claims that the said spooler can be run 25 per cent faster than those ordinarily constructed, without causing any breakage of the yarn when nearing the barrel of the bobbin, as is commonly the case with a majority of spooling machines, and thereby securing the yarn upon the spool that is usually wound off into waste; also that all knots, bad pieces, and double ends are removed by the thread guide. The spool, A, is rotated in the usual way by frictional contact with a rotating drum, B; the ends of its spindle enter vertical guide grooves in the arches or transverse frames, C, so that as the spool becomes gradually filled with thread wound thereon from the bobbin, D, it will rise in said guide grooves until the ends of the spindle fall into lateral recesses communicating with the grooves. The thread passes off the bobbin through the slotted guide, E, Fig. 2, which is attached to the traveling bar, F. The said guide differs from those ordinarily used in spooling machines, in that the respective arms of the same are provided with barbs or hooks, G, projecting inward from their upper ends, and caused to press together by reason of their own elasticity; the object being to prevent the thread being raised or lifted out of the guide by the attendant. The frequent temptation to the attendant to thus remove the thread from the guide arises from the formation of bunches or knots in the thread, which are too large to pass through the guide, and should be broken out, and the thread neatly tied. This construction of guide effectively prevents this, and compels the operator to remove the bunch or knots and tie the thread so that it may continue to be drawn through the guide. The traveling bar, F, is arranged to work in guides formed by slotting the sides of the arches, C, to receive the bar, thus bringing the close to the side of the cam, H. The cam is in the form of a hollow cylinder having an endless slot which extends diagonally nearly the length of the cylinder on two sides, thus having a Y shape at the points where the grooves return, or pass from one side of the cylinder to the other. An arm, G, carrying a friction sleeve, projects from the traverse bar and works in the said slot. The bar is caused to traverse a distance of the length of the spool, A, between its heads, thus laying the threads thereon evenly and perfectly. A traverse bar, I, is arranged on each side of the cam, the form of the slot causing the respective bars to reciprocate in opposite directions, and winding the thread upon two different spools operated simultaneously by the same drum. The cam is secured up in a short shaft, L, by means of a set screw, so it may be adjusted longitudinally, as required by the wear of the edges of the cam groove, or the guide, or other cause. A spur groove is formed on the outer end of the same, and meshes with a pinion, J, which forms part of the gearing by which motion is communicated to the cam shaft, and thereby to the cam itself, and likewise secures a more compact arrangement of gearing, greater economy in the manufacture of machine, and less friction in its operation.

This machine is now in operation at Ellicott City, and will be on exhibition at the coming Fair in the Maryland Institute, Baltimore.

### Lord Byron, Wordsworth, and Charles Lamb.

In this case, Lord Byron continued the visits which he made me in prison. Unfortunately, I was too ill to return them. He pressed me very much to go to the theatre with him; but illness, and the dread of committing my critical independence, alike prevented me. His lordship was one of a management that governed Drury-lane Theatre at that time, and that was not successful. He got nothing by it, but petty vexations and a good deal of scandal.

Lord Byron's appearance at that time was the finest I ever saw it. He was latter than before his marriage, but only just enough so to complete the elegance of his person; and the turn of his head and countenance had a spirit and elevation in it, which, though not unmingled with disquiet, gave him altogether a very noble look. His dress, which was black, with white trousers, and which he wore but too closely over the body, completed the succinctness and gentlemanliness of his appearance. I remember one day, as he stood looking out of the window, he resembled in a lively manner the portrait of him by Phillips, by far the best that has appeared; I mean the best of him at his best time of life, and the most like him in features as well as expression. He sat one morning so long, that Lady Byron sent up twice to let him know she was waiting. Her ladyship used to go on in the carriage to get flowers. I had not the honor of knowing her, nor ever saw her but once, when I caught a glimpse of her at the door. I thought she had a pretty, earnest look, with her "pippin" face; an epithet by which she playfully designated herself.

It was here also I had the honor of a visit from Mr. Wordsworth. He came to thank me for the zeal I had shown in advocating the cause of his genius. I had the pleasure of showing him his book on my shelves by the side of Milton; a sight which must have been the more agreeable, inasmuch as the visit was unexpected. He favored me, in return, with giving his opinion of some of the poets his contemporaries, who would assuredly not have paid him a visit on the same grounds on which he was pleased to honor myself. Nor do I believe, that from that day to this, he thought it becoming in him to reciprocate the least part of any benefit which a word in good season may have done for him. Lord Byron, in resentment for my having called him the "prince of the bards of his time," would not allow him to be even the "one-eyed monarch of the blind." He said he was the "blind monarch of the one-eyed." I must still differ with his lordship on that point; but I must own, that, after all which I have seen and read, posterity, in my opinion, will differ not a little with one person respecting the amount of merit to be ascribed to Mr. Wordsworth; though who that or person is, I shall leave the reader to discover.

Mr. Wordsworth, whom Mr. Hazlitt

designated as one who would have had the wide circle of his humanities made still wider, and a good deal more pleasant, by dividing a little more of his time between his lakes in Westmoreland and the hotels of the metropolis, had a dignified manner, with a deep and roughish, but not unpleasant voice, and an exalted mode of speaking. He had a habit of keeping his left hand in the bosom of his waistcoat; and in this attitude, except when he turned round to take one of the subjects of his criticism from the shelves (for his contemporaries were there also), he sat dealing forth his eloquent but hardly catholic judgments. In his "father's house," there were not "many mansions." He was as skeptical on the merits of all kinds of poetry but one, as Richardson was on those of the novels of Fielding. Under the study in which my visitor and I were sitting was an archway, leading to a nursery-ground; a cart happened to go through it while I was inquiring whether he would take any refreshment; and he uttered, in so lofty a voice, the words, "Any thing which is going forward." That I felt inclined to ask him whether he would take a piece of the cart, I would hardly have done it. But this was a levity which would neither have been so proper on my part, after so short an acquaintance, nor very intelligible perhaps, in any sense of the word, to the serious poet. There are good-humored wags for smiling, which he deeper even than Mr. Wordsworth's thoughts for tears.

I did not see this distinguished person again till thirty years afterward; when, I should venture to say, his manner was greatly superior to what it was in the former instance; indeed, quite natural and noble, with a cheerful air of animal as well as spiritual confidence; a gallant bearing, curiously reminding one of a certain illustrious duke, as I have seen him walking some dozen years ago by a lady's side, with no unbecoming oblivion of his time of life. I observed, also, that he no longer committed himself in scornful criticisms, or, indeed, in any criticisms whatever, at least as far as I knew. He had found out that he could, at least, afford to be silent. Indeed, he spoke very little of any thing.

Walter Scott said, that the eyes of Burns were the finest he ever saw. I can not say the same of Mr. Wordsworth; that is not in the sense of the beautiful, or even of the profound. But certainly I never beheld eyes that looked so inspired or supernatural. They were like fires half burning, half smoldering, with a sort of electric regard, and seated at the further end of two caverns. One might imagine Ezekiel or Isaiah to have had such eyes.

Charles Lamb had a head worthy of Aristotle, with as fine a heart as ever beat in human bosom, and limbs very fragile to sustain it. There was a caricature of him sold in the shops, which pretended to be a likeness. Procter went into the shop in a passion, and asked the man what he meant by putting forth such a libel. The man apologized, and said that

the artist meant no offense. There never was a true portrait of Lamb. His features were strangely yet delicately cut; he had a fine eye as well as forehead; and no face carried in it greater marks of thought and feeling. It resembled that of Bacon, with less worldly vigor and more sensibility. As his frame, so was his genius. It was as fit for thought as could be, and equally as unfit for action; and this rendered him melancholy, apprehensive, humorous, and willing to make the best of every thing as it was, both from tenderness of heart and abhorrence of alteration. His understanding was too great to admit an absurdity; his frame was not strong enough to deliver it from a fear. His sensibility to strong contrasts was the foundation of his humor, which was that of a wit at once melancholy and willing to be pleased. He would hear a superstition, and shudder at the old phantasm while he did it. One could have imagined him cracking a jest in the teeth of a ghost, and then melting into thin air himself, out of a sympathy with the awful. His humor and his knowledge both, were those of Hamlet, of Moliere, of Carlin, who shook a city with laughter, and in order to divert his melancholy, was recommended to go and hear himself. Yet he extracted a real pleasure out of his jokes, because good-heartedness retains that privilege when it fails in every thing else. I should say he condescended to be a punster, if condescension had been a word befitting wisdom like his. Being told that somebody had lampooned him, he said, "Very well, I'll lampoon him." His puns were admirable, and often contained as deep things as the wisdom of some who have greater names; such a man, for instance, as Nicole the Frenchman, who was a baby to him. He would have cracked a score of jokes at him, worth his whole book of sentences; pelted his head with pearls. Nicole would not have understood him, but Rousseau would, and Pascal, too; and some of our old Englishmen would have understood him still better. He would have been worthy of hearing Shakespeare read one of his scenes to him, hot from the brain. Commonplace found a great comfort in him as long as it was good-natured; it was to the ill-natured or the dictatorial only that he was starting. Willing to see society go on as it did, because he despaired of seeing it otherwise, but not at all agreeing in his interior with the common notions of crime and punishment, he "dumb-founded" a long tirade one evening, by taking the pupa out of his mouth, and asking the speaker, "Whether he meant to say that a thief was not a good man?" To a person abusing Voltaire, and indelicately opposing his character to that of Jesus Christ, he said admirably well (though he by no means overrated Voltaire, nor wanted reverence in the other quarter), that "Voltaire was a very good Jesus Christ for the French." He liked to see the church-goers continue to go to church, and wrote a tale in his sister's admirable little book (*Mrs. Leicester's School*) to encourage the rising generation to do so; but to a conscientious deist he had nothing to object; and if an

atheist had found every other door shut against him, he would assuredly not have found his. I believe he would have had the world remain precisely as it was, provided it innovated no farther; but this spirit in him was anything but a worldly one, or for his own interest. He hardly contemplated with patience the new buildings in the Regent's Park; and, privately speaking, he had a grudge against official heaven-expounders, or clergymen. He would rather, however, have been with a crowd that he disliked, than felt himself alone. He said to me one day, with a face of great solemnity, "What must have been that man's feelings, who thought himself the first deist?" Finding no footing in certainty, he delighted to confound the borders of the ordinariness of truth and falsehood. He was fond of telling wild stories to children, engraved on things about them; wrote letters to people abroad, telling them that a friend of theirs had come out in genteel comedy; and persuaded George Dyer that *Lord Castleborough* was the author of *Waverley*! The same excellent person walking one evening out of his friend's house into the New River, Lamb (who was from home at the time) wrote a paper under his signature of Elia, stating, that common friends would have stood dallying on the bank, and sent for neighbors, &c., but that he, in his magnanimity, jumped in, and rescued his friend after the old noble fashion. He wrote in the same magazine two lives of *Lisbon* and *Munden*, which the public took for serious, and which exhibit an extraordinary jumble of imaginary facts and truth of by-painting. Munden he made bora at Stoke Pogies; the very sound of which was like the actor speaking and digging his words. He knew how many false conclusions and pretensions are made by men who profess to be guided by facts only, as if facts could not be misconceived, or fictions taken for them; and, therefore, one day, when somebody was speaking of a person who valued himself on being a matter-of-fact man, "Now," said he, "I value myself on being a matter-of-fact man." This did not hinder his being a man of the greatest veracity, in the ordinary sense of the word; but "Truth," he said, "was precious, and not to be wasted on every body."

Lamb had seen strange faces of earthliness; but they did not make him lose those of his fellow-creatures the less. Few persons guessed what he had suffered in the course of his life, till his friend Talbot wrote an account of it, and showed the hapless warping that disease had given to the fine brain of his sister.

### Eruption of Mount Etna in 1869.

"For many days previous the sky had been overcast, and the weather, notwithstanding the season, oppressively hot. The thunder and lightning were incessant, and the eruption was at length ushered in by a violent shock of an earthquake, which leveled most of the houses at Nicolosi. Two great chasms then opened near that village, from whence ashes were thrown out in such quantities, that a few weeks, a double hill, called Monte Rosso, 450 feet high, was formed, and the surrounding country covered to such a depth, that nothing but the tops of the trees could be seen. The lava ran in a stream fifty feet deep, and four miles wide, overwhelming in its course fourteen towns and villages; and had it not separated before reaching Catania, that city would have been virtually annihilated as were Herculaneum and Pompeii. The walls had been purposely raised to a height of sixty feet, to repel the danger if possible, but the torrent accumulated behind them, and poured down in a cascade of fire upon the town. It still continued to advance, and after a course of fifteen miles, ran into the sea, where it formed a mole 600 yards long. The walls were neither thrown down nor fused by contact with the ignited matter, and have since been discovered by Prince Biscari, when excavating in search of a well, known to have existed in a certain spot and from the steps of which the lava may now be seen curling over like a monstrous billow in the very act of falling.

"The great crater fell in during this eruption, and a fissure, six feet wide and twelve miles long, opened in the plain of S. Leo. In the space of six weeks, the habitations of 27,000 persons were destroyed, a vast extent of the most fertile land rendered desolate for ages, the course of rivers changed, and the whole face of the district transformed."

### VOLCANIC ERUPTION OF MOUNT TEXA IN 1819.

The mass extended for a breadth of about 1000 paces, advancing gradually, more or less rapidly according to the nature of the ground over which it moved, but making steady progress. It had formed two branches, one going in a northerly, and the other in a westerly direction. No danger beyond loss of trees or crops was apprehended from the former, but the second was moving in a direct line for the town of Bronte, and to it we confined our attention. The townspeople, on our part, had not been idle. I have before mentioned the clearance which they made of their goods, but precautions had also been taken outside the town, with a view if possible, to arrest the progress of the lava; and a very massive wall of coarse loose work was in the course of erection across a valley down which the

stream must flow. We heard afterward, that the impelling power was spent before the strength of this work was put to the test, but had it failed, Bronte had been lost. It is not easy to convey by words any very accurate idea. The lava appeared to be from thirty to forty feet in depth, and some notion of its respect and progress may be formed by imagining a hill of loose stones of all sizes, the summit or brow of which is continually falling to the base, and as constantly renewed by unseen pressure from behind. Down it came in large masses, each leaving behind it a fiery track, as the red-hot interior was for a moment or two exposed. The impression most strongly left on my mind was that of its irresistible force. It did not advance rapidly; there was no difficulty in approaching it, as I did, closely, and taking out pieces of red-hot stone; the rattling of the blocks overhead gave ample notice of their descent down the inclined face of the stream, and a few paces to the rear, or side, were quite enough to take me quite clear of them but still onward, and onward it came, by foot it encroached on the ground at its base, changing the whole face of the country, leaving hills where formerly valleys had been, overwhelming every work of man that it encountered in its progress, and leaving all behind one black, rough, and monotonous mass of hard and barren lava. It had advanced considerably during the night. On the previous evening I had measured the distance from the base of the moving hill to the wall of a deserted house which stood, surrounded by trees, at about fifty yards off, and though separated from it by a road, evidently exposed to the full power of the stream. Not a trace of it was now left, and it was difficult to make a guess at where it had been. The owners of the adjacent lands were busied in all directions feeling the timber that stood in the line of the advancing fire, but they could not in many instances do it fast enough to save their property from destruction; and it was not a little interesting to watch the effect produced on many a goodly tree, first thoroughly dried by the heat of the mass, and in a few minutes after it had been reached by the lava, bursting into flames at the base, and soon prostrate and destroyed. It being Sunday, all the population had turned out to see what progress the enemy was making, and prayers and invocations to a variety of saints were every where heard around. "Chiamate Sant' Antonio, Signor," said one woman eagerly to me, "per l'amor di Dio, chiamate la Santa Maria." Many females knelt around, absorbed in their anxiety and devotion, while the men generally stood in silence gazing in dismay at the scene before them. Our guide was a poor fiddler thrown out of employment by the strict penance enjoined with a view to avert the impending calamity, dancing and music being especially forbidden, even had anyone under such circumstances been inclined to indulge in them.

The Marquis of Ormonde was adventurous enough, despite the fate of Empedocles and of Pliny, to ascend in the evening to see the Bocca di Paoce, which is at an elevation of about 6900 feet. The sight which met his eyes was, he tells us, and we may well believe it, one of the grandest and most awful it had ever been his fortune to witness.

"The evening had completely closed by, and it was perfectly dark, so that there was nothing which could in any way injure or weaken the effect. The only thing to which I can compare it is, as far as can be judged from representations of such scenes, the blowing up of some enormous vessel of war, the effect being permanent instead of momentary. Directly facing us was the chasm in the mountain's side from which the lava flowed in a broad stream of liquid fire; masses of it had been forced up on each side, forming, as it got comparatively cool, black, uneven banks, the whole realizing the poetic description of Phlegæon in the most vivid manner. The flames ascended to a considerable height from the abyss, and high above them the air was constantly filled with large fiery masses, projected to a great height, and meeting on their descent a fresh supply, the roar of the flames and crash of the falling blocks being incessant. Advancing across a valley which intervened, we ascended another hill, and here commanded a view of the ground on which many of the ejected stones fell, and, though well to windward, the small ashes fell thickly around us. The light was sufficient, even at the distance we stood, to enable us to read small print, and to write with the greatest ease. The thermometer stood at about 40 degrees, but, cold though it was, it was some time before we could resolve to take our last look at this extraordinary sight, and our progress, after we had done so, was retarded by the constant stoppages made by us to watch the beautiful effect of the light, as seen through the *Bocca*, which we had entered on our return."

—Some scribbling wretch says: "It takes as much wit not to displease a woman as it takes to please her."

—A young lady rebukingly asks: "Which is the worst, to face light or get light? We give it up—we never laced."

—"I like to make a sponge cake," she said innocently; "it makes my hands so clean."

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Forms, Cards, Tickets,  
AND ALL KINDS OF  
Plain & Fancy Job Work  
Executed with Neatness and Dispatch and  
at the Lowest Rates.

### Clandestine State Papers.

How National Affairs Have Been Affected by Accidental Discoveries.

Historical instances are numerous in which State documents of great importance have found their way into the hands of people who had no business with them; and sometimes the course of the world's affairs have been materially influenced by such accidents. But for a hazard which placed under Cromwell's eyes a letter in which Charles I. stated that he had no intention to fulfill the promises which he had made to secure peace, the negotiations between the King and the Parliament might have come to an issue; as it was, Cromwell refused to treat, and it may be said that Charles' unlucky letter cost him his head. Similarly the breach between Louis XIV. and the French people was rendered irreparable when a blacksmith revealed the existence of the famous iron closet at the Tuilleries, which, having been broken open, was found to contain the damaging evidence of the King's negotiations with the Austrian Court in view of an invasion of France.

In 1791 Tallien, having read his name on a piece of paper which Robespierre let fall from his pocket in pulling out his handkerchief, concluded he was marked down for execution, and at the instigation of his high-spirited wife immediately took measures which resulted in Robespierre's downfall on the 9th Thermidor.

To come to more recent times, Louis Napoleon's *coup d'etat* was within an ace of failing, owing to the officiousness of a lady in communicating the plans to Prince Napoleon (the future Emperor's cousin), who forthwith tried to put some of the Republican leaders on their guard. Victor Hugo gives an account of this affair in his "History of a Crime," and he furnishes some details as to the minute precautions which were taken to insure secrecy at the National Printing Office, where Louis Napoleon's proclamation was printed. The place was guarded by soldiers and detectives, and not a workman was allowed to leave the building until all the copies were struck off and in the hands of the bill-stickers. M. Hugo might have added that the original manuscripts of these proclamations were all in the handwriting of Count de Moray, and that no one save the able conspirator, and his master was permitted to see them before they were consigned to the printer St. Arnaud, Maupuy, Moquegard and Persigny had been favored with a sight of proclamations would quite differently, and they grumbled by and by at not having been trusted. But De Moray trusted nobody.

In 1870 on the outbreak of the Franco-German war, the world was startled by the publication in the *Times* of a draft treaty drawn up by M. Benedetti, and proposing the annexation of Belgium to France. M. Benedetti pretended that he had been entrapped into writing this draft under Count Bismarck's dictation; but anyhow, its disclosures had a marked effect in drawing away British sympathies from the French side, and it compelled the Gladstone administration to sign a treaty binding England to protect Belgian independence.

### Effect of Electricity on Vegetation.

Probably every one who has entered a wood or a forest has noticed the stunted or scraggy growth of the underwood, and the cause of that peculiar condition has always been attributed to the fact, that the shrubs or smaller trees were overshadowed by the foliage of the larger ones and deprived of the light and air necessary to their full development.

M. Grandean, professor of the Ecole Forestiere, states that his researches on the subject led him to the conclusion that, although a certain effect was to be attributed to that cause, it was not sufficient to account for the great depreciation in the vegetation. After long reflection he came to the conclusion that the large trees acted as conductors of electricity, and thus deprived the undergrowth of an element necessary to their full development. In order to test his views he tried a series of experiments on various plants, but we need only refer to one, which, although not the most striking, will fully elucidate the principle he advances, the means he employed, and the results obtained.

In April, 1877, he took tobacco-plants each weighing 31 grammes and having four leaves. They were both planted in boxes containing mold of identical quality, and placed side by side in a position favorable to their growth. But one of them had placed over it a cage, consisting of four iron rods 1 metro 40 centimetres high, joined at the top and covered with wire gauze, which permitted the free circulation of air, light and water; but completely protected the plant from the action of atmospheric electricity.

They were left undisturbed until the middle of August, when the results obtained were as follows: "The plant in the open air had attained a height of 3 feet 5 inches, while the other was only 2 feet 4 inches; the former weighed 273 grammes, and the latter 140 grammes, when dried their respective weights were 30 grammes and 151 grammes. Similar experiments made with maize and wheat gave precisely analogous results, so that M. Grandean has come to the conclusion that the electricity of the atmosphere is equally necessary to vegetation as sunlight, air and water."